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EVERYCHILD

GERTRUDE FULTON TOOKER



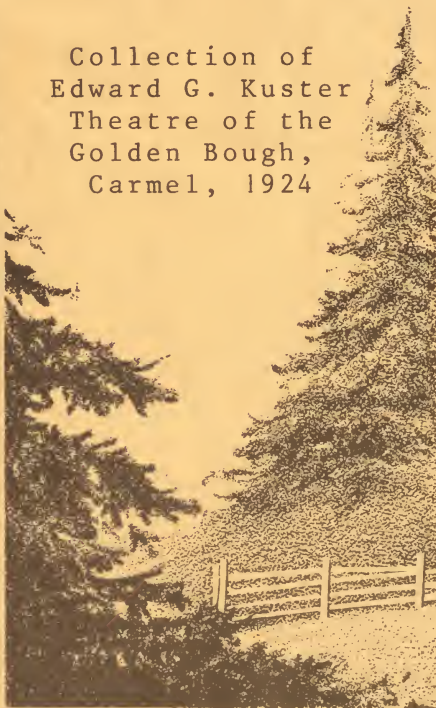


SANTA CRUZ



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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Edward G. Kuster
Theatre of the
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SANTA CRUZ



Gertrude F. Tucker.



EVERYCHILD





The dream of Everychild

EVERYCHILD

A Play in Three Acts

By

GERTRUDE FULTON TOOKER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

ARCHIE GUNN

INDIANAPOLIS

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CHARACTERS

EVERYCHILD

IDEALITY, his fairy God-mother

REALITY, his great aunt

SANTA CLAUS

ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND

MOTHER GOOSE

PETER PAN

WENDY

HANSEL

GRETEL

THE WIZARD OF OZ

GLUCK

TRUTH

FALSEHOOD

SCOLDINGS

NAGGINGS

NEGLECT

TEMPER

SPANKINGS

WHOLESOME FOOD

FRESH AIR

CLEAN CLOTHES

SMILES

HELPING HANDS

HAPPY HEARTS

KIND WORDS

PRUNES, Head Gardener of
the Forest of Grinding
Growth

PRISMS, Head Gardener of
the Curriculum Forest

WEALTH

FAME

POWER

LOVE

A POET

A COOK

FLOWER CHILDREN

A MUSICIAN

A GOBLIN

A DWARF

A CROWD OF MEN AND
WOMEN, STUDENTS, FAIR-
IES, GOBLINS, IMPS,
SPRITES, GIANTS,
DWARVES, ELVES, WITCH-
ES, FOUR IMPS, DUMB
BELLS, BODY - GARDENER
AND GAME-KEEPER

PS
3539
046
E9
1914

ACT I

The Castle of Imagination

ACT II

The World

SCENE 1—The Housetops

SCENE 2—The Garden of Grinding Growth

SCENE 3—The Curriculum Forest

ACT III

The Castle of Imagination and the House
of Life



PROLOGUE

Before the curtain. The curtain represents the exterior of the Castle of Imagination. The Castle is an ornate building with a hundred turrets and many balconies. The Castle shines in the white light of a full moon. The central entrance to the Castle is through a wide ornamental arch. Between the Castle and the front of the stage is a moat. When the drop curtain rises the drawbridge is up. It swings slowly down, the front door of the Castle opens and Ideality crosses the bridge and stands at the footlights. She is dressed in a soft white, diaphanous garment. Her waving hair is silvery white and hangs to her knees. Her face is young and sweet, her complexion clear as a rose.

IDEALITY

To EVERYMAN the playwright begs that I
announce to-day,

Though EVERYCHILD a problem is, this is
no problem play.

But rather, you are asked to pass through
childhood's many scenes,

Perchance recalling by the way some of
your youthful dreams.

This is the day of every child, the scientists
contend;

We are but learning, latterly, how to be his
friend;

We may be sure his parents will applaud
his ways with zest;

The spinsters and the bachelors will declare
he is a pest;

We know we've many critics to many
thoughts inclined,

We ask of each; with EVERYCHILD be pa-
tient, wise and kind;

And whatsoever faults in him you will be
sure to see,

Remember these in ancient days belonged
to YOU and ME.

EVERYCHILD



EVERYCHILD

ACT I

THE CASTLE

Christmas Eve in the Castle of Imagination. The room is dimly lighted by a fire on the hearth to the right, the more remote parts being veiled in darkness. In the half-light Santa Claus is discovered asleep in a large comfortable armchair before the fire, snoring audibly. The door to the extreme left opens and Ideality crosses the stage. A soft light seems to issue from her, shedding a dim radiance on the architecture of the room. The room is vast, with rafters like those of an old-fashioned attic. Enormous cobwebs stretch from beam to beam. The side walls are covered with pictures of flowers, trees, animals and other objects dear to the heart of every child. At the back of the room are a number of old chests such as are often seen in garrets. Ideality comes up behind Santa Claus, and rests her finger-tips

EVERYCHILD

lightly on his shoulders. Santa sits up with a snort and looks around, blinking.

IDEALITY

Dear old saint!

SANTA CLAUS

Starting up

Hello! Caught napping. On Christmas Eve, too! By jingles! I must be up and doing!

He starts to rise, but has a twinge of rheumatism and sinks back with a groan.

IDEALITY

Sit down, dear Santa. There's no hurry.

She pushes him gently back into his chair.

SANTA

Starting to rise

Why, woman, this is my busy night!

EVERYCHILD

IDEALITY

I know it is.

How shall I tell him?

Aside

To Santa

Christmas, dear friend, should be a time for meditation, not work. In these days the Christmas spirit has been entirely lost sight of in the business of packing up presents.

SANTA

What a dear impractical soul you are, Ideality,—and always will be. Do you mean to say that it would still be Christmas without me and my pack?

IDEALITY

For your sake, Santa dear, I should like to see the experiment tried. It's a bitter night out. There is a high wind. The

EVERYCHILD

snow is driven into impassable drifts. One of your reindeer has a lame foot. And you, poor man, have a touch of your rheumatism. Why not stay right here by this comfortable fire?

SANTA

Annoyed

It is out of the question. You know it perfectly well. There's Everychild—what would he think of me?

IDEALITY

Slowly and sadly

Yes, it was of him I was thinking.

SANTA

*Sitting up and turning around to her,
startled.*

Everychild! He is not—

EVERYCHILD

IDEALITY

Nodding sadly

Yes, it is just as we feared.

SANTA

You don't mean it!

IDEALITY

Wiping her eyes

Yes, Reality was here this afternoon. She intends to take him away from the Castle this evening at eight o'clock.

SANTA

Agitated

Well, we simply will not consent to it!

IDEALITY

What can we do? I protested, of course, but she has her claim on Everychild as his

EVERYCHILD

blood-relation. She is his great aunt, you must remember.

SANTA

Great-grandmother's aunt! The old vixen! I suppose we are not to inquire what she intends to do with him.

IDEALITY

Smiling

Well, she did condescend to tell me a little. She said she wants to give him some idea of the world, and after the holidays, if he likes, she may put him to work in the Garden of Grinding Growth, and possibly the Curriculum Forest.

SANTA

If he likes, indeed! She'll take good care to make him like it, in order to wean him away from us!

EVERYCHILD

IDEALITY

Yes, she has great ideas about preparing him to live in the House of Life. Just as if he wouldn't be better off if he spent his life right here in the Castle of Imagination. As if it were necessary to push the child into their horrid House of Life and fill him up with notions, and stupid conventions, and get him all scarred and wizened.

SANTA

Well, I always did say that the woman ought to be kept absolutely out of the Castle. I detest her, the snippy little busybody.

IDEALITY

Sh-sh—I think she is in there now, packing up his grip.

EVERYCHILD

SANTA

Don't "sh-sh" me! I don't care if she hears me. What right has she to come tramping in here as if the place belonged to her? She hasn't even decent manners. She stalks around with her chin tilted up, treating us all as if we were nobodies, and if she happens to look at me she looks on through into the distance and pretends not to see me at all.

IDEALITY

Oh, I am so upset! She took Everychild aside this afternoon and talked him into it. He would never have thought of such a thing as leaving us before.

SANTA

Do you know, she once hinted to Everychild that I didn't exist. But of course hav-

EVERYCHILD

ing seen me a hundred times with his own eyes, he wouldn't believe it. But this is my house, and I won't stand her insults. I'll order her out of the place if she comes meddling around me any more.

IDEALITY

Now, dear man, be calm. We'll have to be careful on Everychild's account. We don't want any scenes before him. I sympathize with you perfectly. She hasn't any use for me, either.

SANTA

Petulantly

She doesn't like you, that's true. But she doesn't make a regular business of persecuting you, and casting doubts on your very existence, and undermining Everychild's confidence in you. Besides, it's not so hard

EVERYCHILD

for you, anyway. You always have a nice little following of artists and poets, and sweet mothers and young girls. But Everychild is my one loyal friend. I don't believe I shall be able to live at all without him.

He dabs his eyes with his handkerchief and then blows his nose violently to conceal his weakness.

IDEALITY

Oh, I shall miss him quite as much as you will. You forget that I am his fairy god-mother—the only spirit-relation he has in the Castle. Reality declares that blood is thicker than spirits, so she ought to have first claim on him. But I fail to see what thickness has to do with it. Anyway, he has been with us so long we certainly ought to have some rights on that score.

EVERYCHILD

SANTA

I should think so, indeed.

IDEALITY

But Reality is so domineering there is no use arguing with her. I am afraid to think of the effect that her influence will have on Everychild. She has so many harsh, rough ways. And dear, tender little Everychild is *so* susceptible to his environment. I am sure every one of us in here has helped to keep him as he should be. His voice is like the song of a bird. He has an angel's smile. His heart is always overflowing with pure happiness. Oh, I can't bear to think of him changed!

SANTA

Gloomily

Changed indeed! Yes, the House of Life

EVERYCHILD

will change him completely. His beautiful golden hair will fade, his face take on hard lines of cunning and struggle and selfishness—

IDEALITY

*Putting her hands over her eyes to
shut out the vision*

Don't speak of it! Please! Well, there is one comfort—if that is all true, he can't possibly like it out there, and before long he will be back with us.

SANTA

With a snort of disdain and discouragement

Back to the Castle? Why, you know that no one ever comes back to the Castle of Imagination! They promise to, and some-

EVERYCHILD

times they even get as far as the moat, but they seldom cross the drawbridge, and then never to stay. Your poets may sing serenades under the windows in the moonlight, and your painters sketch the outside of the Castle—but what does it all amount to?

IDEALITY

Everychild loves us all very dearly. I am sure he wouldn't leave us for good. I'll wager that he will be with us again in a fortnight.

SANTA

I'll take you up on that! What will you wager?

IDEALITY

Laughing

My wings of the morning! Or my evening star diadem!

EVERYCHILD

SANTA

Good! The wings—maybe I can use them in my business. My stake shall be your pick of my next year's pack.

He is interrupted by the bustling entrance of Reality. She is a trim, stern, hard-looking little woman, dressed in a simple tailored suit and walking hat. She drops a suitcase down on one of the chests with a bang. When she speaks her voice is harsh and nasal, and contrasts disagreeably with that of Ideality, which is soft and musical.

SANTA

Starting at the noise of the suit-case, and frowning at her.

Have a care with the furniture, woman!
This is not a railroad station.

EVERYCHILD

REALITY

Turns her head as if she heard something indistinctly, looks vaguely in the direction of Santa, but either does not see him, or ignores him.

There, everything is packed. I had to take out one or two things you put in the suit-case, Ideality, to make room for the child's rubbers and tooth-brush. One was a book of fairy tales, or some such rubbish.

IDEALITY

Oh, dear! I did want him to have something to remember me by!

REALITY

Hasn't he a good warm, winter overcoat? I couldn't find one in his closet.

EVERYCHILD

IDEALITY

I really don't know. You know we give very little thought to clothes in here.

REALITY

Scornfully

I suppose you expected him to sit comfortably on a snow-bank in his pajamas and read "Fairy Tales."

IDEALITY

Flushes a little

That is a very beautiful little book. I am not at all sure that it is not quite as important to Everychild as his overcoat.

REALITY

Oh, rubbish, my dear! Bosh! You would ruin the child if he stayed here much longer.

EVERYCHILD

IDEALITY

I mean spiritually important.

REALITY

Spiritually! I get so tired of all this spiritual business. Spirits, and dreams and imaginings and poetry. It's a wonder to me that he has any backbone at all, raised on such stuff. What he needs is more work and less play—more plain practical prose and less poetry.

IDEALITY

With quiet conviction

Nevertheless the poetry he has learned here will do him no harm. It will be the theme of his dreams and the comfort of his old age.

EVERYCHILD

Santa Claus has been listening to this conversation with ill-concealed anger. He now rises from his chair and walks indignantly up to Reality, who appears neither to see nor hear him.

SANTA

Woman, if you must take Everychild out and show him the ugly facts of life do so, but for heaven's sake get started, and don't hang around preaching your devil's doctrines.

REALITY

Answering Ideality

It isn't his dreams or his old age either that I am concerned with. When he leaves this lonesome big barn of a place he'll have no time for dreams.

EVERYCHILD

IDEALITY

Lonesome? You know very little about the Castle if you call it lonesome.

REALITY

With a glance about and a shudder

I know what I can't help observing, and that is more than enough. I despise the place with its rafters and cobwebs. Lonesome? Of course it is lonesome! A perfect barracks! It is like poor little Everychild's head—empty save for its cobwebs and ghosts and imaginings. But thank goodness it is over, anyhow. It shall be my pleasure to give him an opportunity to learn a few good, substantial facts and to forget a lot of the rubbish you have been teaching him here.

EVERYCHILD

IDEALITY

With a sign and a gesture of despair

Who shall be the judge? What you call rubbish and nonsense—

SANTA

Don't talk to her, Ideality. Call one of the giants and have her put out.

IDEALITY

Smiles at Santa and pats him on the shoulder. To Reality.

Reality, tell me the truth—shall we see our Everychild again?

REALITY

Oh, undoubtedly. We shall pass this way again in a fortnight. I had to promise that



EVERYCHILD

much before Everychild would consent to go. Do not deceive yourself, however. He is all eagerness for the trip, and when I have shown him the world there won't be any doubt of his choice. Well, I must be off. Tell Everychild to be ready for me promptly at eight. Promptness must be one of his first lessons. Good-by.

Exit Reality noisily. Santa pokes up the embers and sits down dejectedly in his armchair. Ideality glides out quietly, leaving Santa to his meditations. The door left opens slowly and Everychild comes tiptoeing in. He is a winsome boy of six, dressed in a white sailor suit, knickerbockers, socks and barefoot sandals. His hair falls in loose golden curls over his shoulders. He slips up behind Santa, and puts his hands over Santa's eyes.

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

Disguising his voice, gruffly.

Guess!

SANTA

Alice-in-Wonderland.

EVERYCHILD

Nope.

SANTA

Jill's brother Jack.

EVERYCHILD

Wrong.

SANTA

Mary's little lamb.

EVERYCHILD

Dancing around in front of him

Silly Billy! It's me!

EVERYCHILD

SANTA

Everychild! You little rascal, you
frightened me!

EVERYCHILD

And you can never guess what is going
to happen!

SANTA

Sulkily

Oh, I know all about that!

EVERYCHILD

That Aunt Reality is going to take me
on a magnificent trip?

SANTA

Sadly wiping a tear from his eye

That you are leaving us—perhaps forever.

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

Climbing on Santa's lap and caressing him

Why, Santa dear, I am coming back. I am only going to be gone two weeks. I made her promise. If you feel so sad about it I won't go at all—only I did want to see things. Aunty has been telling me—

SANTA

Bless your dear, tender little heart. Never mind me! I am a foolish old fellow. It's all right, I know. You wouldn't be Everychild without a large bump of curiosity. You shall go, of course. You will enjoy it. Only I am afraid—

EVERYCHILD

You needn't be afraid. Not one bit! I

EVERYCHILD

want to see things, and then I want to come back here to live. This is the best and the jolliest place in the world. Don't I know it?

SANTA

*Envelops Everychild in a rough
embrace*

Good! Of course it is. Bless my heart, boy, you cheer me up!

EVERYCHILD

Clapping his hands

Santa! Won't you come along with us? Auntie said you might.

SANTA

She did?

EVERYCHILD

Nodding vigorously

EVERYCHILD

I asked her if some of the Castle people couldn't go with us for company. She said none of the fairies or goblins or any of the little fellows could, and then I asked if you could, and she laughed and said she guessed you could if you wanted to. So won't you, please?

SANTA

She laughed, did she? Your aunt is a great joker. You see, we are not particularly good friends, she and I—in fact, we are not on speaking terms at all.

EVERYCHILD

What is the matter? Don't you like her?

SANTA

Well, no, I can't say I like her, but goodness knows the quarrel is not of my making. I've been trying all my life to get on good

EVERYCHILD

terms with her, but it's no use—she holds some spite against me and I'm told that she has declared she will be the death of me.

EVERYCHILD

Then I hate her, and I shan't go on her old trip.

SANTA

No, my dear, your godmother says, you know, that we mustn't hate anybody, and you will never be far wrong if you follow the teachings of Ideality. She knows more in a minute than Reality could learn in a lifetime.

EVERYCHILD

Then, Santa dear, if you don't hate her won't you come with us?

SANTA

Laughing

EVERYCHILD

Trapped me, did you? No, child, it would never do. I would never live through it. Reality knows that and that was the reason she said I could come. You see I am a tremendously fine sort of a fellow if you give me your confidence and treat me as an equal, but I am the most sensitive person in the world. I simply can not stand an atmosphere of scoffing and disbelief. It is to me the deadliest of poisons. A journey around the world among skeptical grown-up people, with your Aunt Reality as guide, would certainly kill me in no time at all. No, child, since you are going, my work to-night will be light, and I shall just sit by the fire here and toast my rheumatism.

EVERYCHILD

*Gets down from Santa's lap and
walks about dejectedly*

EVERYCHILD

I shall be terribly lonesome. I don't think I like Aunt Reality very well.

SANTA

Lays his forefinger at the side of his nose, beckons Everychild to him and puts his arm caressingly about him.

This world that you are going out to see is a cruel place. I am told that they laugh at fairies and goblins. They even laugh at you if you talk about them. So when you get out there just don't mention us Castle folk at all—especially to Reality. Keep your eyes open, see everything, and when you get back we'll have some grand times talking everything over.

EVERYCHILD

Oh, Santa dear, I think I won't go. I'd rather stay here in the Castle.

EVERYCHILD

SANTA

Well, I certainly wish you would. But it's too late now. Reality is not the one to be balked at the last minute. It is probably best that you should go. The world is not altogether wicked, Ideality says. She says, you know, that just as there are some people and things in the Castle here who are bad—like the pixies—so there are some people and things out in the world that are among the best. She has been teaching you some of them, you know. Remember how she has been drilling you on telling Truth from Falsehood?

EVERYCHILD

Yes, but they look so exactly alike that I don't believe I'll ever be able to tell them apart.

EVERYCHILD

SANTA

Tut, tut! You must do credit to Ideality's teaching. Let's have them in, and look 'em over. I must confess that I never was able to see any difference between them myself, but there is nothing like persistence.

Santa gives a low whistle, and a pair of twins appear, dressed exactly alike in every particular. They dance about and then halt before Santa and Everychild.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD

To Everychild we are alike,
Though different as can be.
If you would wish to note our points,
Examine carefully.

FALSEHOOD

Alone

You see my hair is plastered on,
My eyes of glass are made.

EVERYCHILD

The stuff from which my suit is cut,
Is guaranteed to fade.
There is another difference
Which is the vital part—
While Truth is perfect through and through
I haven't any heart.

They unbutton their coats and Truth displays a large red heart over the left chest. They quickly button up the coats again, and whirl about until Everychild is confused as to which is which. He tries to catch one of them to examine him, but they evade him. Everychild laughs and begins to romp and frolic with them.

SANTA

Come, come, Everychild, that will never do. This is not a game. Don't you remember that Ideality told you you must never play with Truth and Falsehood?

EVERYCHILD

Everychild stops, crestfallen. Truth and Falsehood continue to whirl about and then go out. The cuckoo clock sounds seven.

EVERYCHILD

Seven o'clock! And Aunt Reality is to be here at eight. Only one more hour in the Castle of Imagination!

He claps his hands, and at the signal the lids of all the chests, the trap-doors in the roof and floor, and the sliding panels in the wall, fly open and from everywhere spring Fairies, Goblins, Sprites, Witches, Ghosts, Ogres, Giants, Dwarfs, Elves, a troop of Shadowy Thoughts, Fancies and Vagaries (tall vague figures), and a number of such well-known characters as Alice-in-Wonderland, Mother Goose, Wizard of Oz, Peter Pan, Hansel and Gretel, Wendy, Gluck,

EVERYCHILD

*etc. They tumble pell-mell into
the room with laughter and hal-
loos.*

ALL

Witches, Fairies, Goblins, we
Come cavorting as you see,
Whirling every one about
In a most fantastic rout.

*One of the Goblins leads the quad-
rille while the rest suit the action
to the word.*

All press forward,
Stagger back,
Turn about and
Roundly smack.
Chassé left and
Chassé right.
Don't attempt to be polite.
Tumble partners, elbow, shove,

EVERYCHILD

Kiss whichever one you love.
If you hate them, pull their hair,
Jerk them here and push them there.
Wildly whizzing, whirling, wheeling,
See the room go round and reeling.
Rollick, frolic, scramble, scatter!
What in Goblin's name's the matter?

*They break the circle and stagger
about dizzily. The motion ceases.
A Giant picks up Everychild and
carries him around the stage, while
the rest follow him up and down,
laughing and shouting, "Every-
child! Three cheers for Every-
child!"*

ALL

Singing

You'll look the wide world over,
You'll wander o'er dale and lea,
You'll pace the sands with a restless step,
And you'll toss on a restless sea.

EVERYCHILD

And then you will sigh with deep regret
That you didn't stay here with me,

*Spoken by each in turn pointing to
himself*

That you didn't stay here with me.

That you didn't stay here with me.

And you'll sigh a sigh from the depths of
your heart

That you didn't stay here with me.

ALL

For what are the phantoms you chase out
there,

And the will-o'-the-wisps you see?

They lure you on to a hateful fate

And sorrow alone decree.

And then you will wish deep down in your
soul

That you had stayed here with me.

Spoken by each

EVERYCHILD

That you had stayed here with me.

That you had stayed here with me.

And often the longing will fill your soul

That you had stayed here with me.

EVERYCHILD

Slipping down to his feet

Well, I suppose it is time for me to begin
to say "good-by."

*Shaking Alice-in-Wonderland by the
hand*

Good-by, Alice.

ALICE

You'll never see any animals out in the
world so funny as the Jabberwocky.

EVERYCHILD

Good-by, Wizard.

And so on to each in turn

EVERYCHILD

WIZARD

Nor any towns so beautiful as the Emerald City.

EVERYCHILD

Good-by, dear little Gluck.

GLUCK

Nor any rivers like the Golden River.

EVERYCHILD

Good-by, Peter Pan.

PETER PAN

Nor any little girls half so sweet as Wendy.

THOUGHTS, FANCIES, VAGARIES

Nor any such long sweet dreamy thoughts as we are.

EVERYCHILD

WITCHES, GOBLINS, SPOOKS

And you won't have any fun on Hallow-e'en any more, without us.

HANSEL AND GRETEL

You'd better follow our example and take some bread crumbs along to scatter so you can find your way back.

EVERYCHILD

Wipes his eyes with his handkerchief

You people make me feel very sad, but I shan't be gone long, you know, and I shall need no bread crumbs to find my way back. Good-by, Santa Claus.

SANTA

His voice choking

Good-by, boy. I needn't remind you of

EVERYCHILD

what Christmas will be without me. We'll not speak of that though, for I am confidently expecting you back. You *will* come back, won't you?

Everychild nods

Good-by, then. Don't stay too long for it will be a dreary wait.

Ideality, who has slipped into the room during the dance, comes up to Everychild and puts an arm about him. He reaches up and draws her down to kiss.

EVERYCHILD

Dear, dear fairy Godmother.

IDEALITY

Oh, my dear child, how *can* I let you go?

Embraces him fondly

But I must be brave. We could not expect

EVERYCHILD

to keep you aloof from the world forever. I have tried to teach you to love the things of the spirit. Think of me often, will you, dear? I am sure there will be times of doubt when the thought will strengthen you. I wish I could give you a magic sword as they do in fairy tales which would protect you from all harm, but Reality won't allow me any space in your luggage. Slip this in your pocket. Be sure you read the directions on the lid.

EVERYCHILD

Goody! It's mottoes! Candy mottoes!

Reads

"People and things are only symbols.
Look well with your mind's eye."

He appears puzzled and reads again

"People and things are only symbols.
Look well with your mind's eye."

EVERYCHILD

I don't understand, but I'll bet they are good.

He eats one

IDEALITY

Oh, don't eat them now! You won't remember.

She slips them into his pocket. A dwarf drags forward into the room a huge loving-cup. He has a very pompous manner. He bows impressively to Everychild. With much fumbling he adjusts a pair of horn spectacles, unrolls a large parchment and reads.

DWARF

"We, the undertakers—"

Shouts of correction from the crowd

ALL

"Undersigned—Undersigned!"

EVERYCHILD

DWARF

"We, the undersigned, do nearly present—"

ALL

Shouts

"Hereby, hereby!"

DWARF

"—do hereby present to Everychild, a loving-cup."

He looks up importantly, and in doing so loses his glasses off his nose. He pauses to readjust them. Shouts of impatience from the crowd. A Giant steps forward, picks up the Dwarf, shakes him and tosses him aside.

GIANT

You little bungler. Let me read.

Reads

"We, the undersigned, do hereby present

EVERYCHILD

to Everychild a loving-cup, bearing the simple but expressive words of the poet, 'Lest you forget.' Our dearest wish is to remain forever in the heart of Everychild. To make sure of this, and also to insure your return to the Castle, we have placed in the loving-cup a few ounces of the Wine of Memory. When the vision of us fades, one drop of this precious liquid will instantly restore it. Go, and may you always keep the cup at hand.

"(Signed)—Those who live in the Castle of Imagination."

EVERYCHILD

Simply

Dear friends, how can I thank you? You know very well that I do not need the drops. I could never forget you. The cup is beautiful. I shall always keep it near me.

EVERYCHILD

While he is speaking the cuckoo sounds eight. Immediately there comes a vigorous knocking at the door, and Reality enters.

REALITY

Peremptorily

Come, come, Everychild, aren't you ready? I told you to be prompt.

EVERYCHILD

Dries his eyes, looks hesitatingly at Reality as if he had half a mind to refuse to go, then takes her hand rather reluctantly, starts toward the door with her, but turns and waves his hand to the crowd.

Good-by, all.

ALL

Singing

Farewell, farewell to Everychild;
Farewell to bubbling laughter;

EVERYCHILD

Farewell to joy
Without alloy—
No pleasant pranks hereafter.

Fare forth, fare forth,
O Everychild!
You know not what you do.
The world is cold
As you grow old,
And dreams do not come true!

Reality and Everychild go out, Everychild waving a last farewell at the door. The characters go to the windows to watch him depart. They look very forlorn and woe-begone as they turn back to the room. Suddenly all cry out—

The loving-cup! He forgot to take it!

They sink down on the chests, etc., in utter dejection. Santa stands gazing into the fire. The curtain falls to the refrain of "Farewell, farewell to Everychild."

ACT II

SCENE I—THE HOUSETOPS

The stage is a roof with a chimney and a skylight to the left. To the right is another roof at a little lower level, also with chimney and skylight. Other housetops appear on the back curtain. Through the gentle snow which is falling one can see the flicker of the city lights. A familiar Christmas anthem is heard rising from below. It ceases. Suddenly there is a gust of wind and a great swirl of snow. It clears away and Reality and Everychild appear to have arrived with it.

EVERYCHILD

Laughing and shaking off the snow

Gee whillikens! This is great fun! It's just like falling through the air in a dream, only you don't land in your bed at the bottom.

EVERYCHILD

He sniffs the air

How fresh the air is!

REALITY

Yes—an improvement on that stuffy Castle, isn't it?

EVERYCHILD

It certainly is great!

*He runs about in glee, and peers over
the edge of the roof.*

What are all those lights? Is this a city?

REALITY

Yes. The cities and the "kingdoms of the world and the glory of them."

EVERYCHILD

It is pretty, but it looks awfully crowded. I think I like the fields and the streams and mountains best, don't you, Aunty?

EVERYCHILD

REALITY

No, I like the cities—the beautiful tall buildings, and the wonderful things that man has made.

EVERYCHILD

What is this—a roof? Why have we stopped here?

REALITY

We are on the roof of a splendid mansion where a very rich family lives.

Pointing to the lower roof

Over there is a tenement-house where dozens of very poor families live crowded together.

EVERYCHILD

Eagerly

I know! This is Christmas Eve, and we

EVERYCHILD

are going to do errands for Santa Claus. Can I take some presents down the chimney to the poor people?

Looking about

But where are the presents?

REALITY

Laughing indulgently

You would be a pretty sight with your clothes all covered with soot! No, my dear, presents do not arrive by way of the chimney. I have told you before that there is no Santa Claus.

EVERYCHILD

I know you have, Aunty, but you are mistaken. I have seen him hundreds of times. He lives in the Castle of Imagination with my fairy godmother.

EVERYCHILD

REALITY

Tut, tut, child. You have been living a life of dreams. There *is* no Santa Claus—that is flat! Now don't let me hear you talking such foolishness again.

EVERYCHILD

He told me that you hated him.

REALITY

What nonsense is this? Who told you?

EVERYCHILD

Santa did. He said that you had resolved to be the death of him.

REALITY

I don't know how you ever came to imagine such a remark, but it sounds like some of

EVERYCHILD

the airy-fairy nonsense of your godmother, as she calls herself. It is entirely unnecessary for me to be the death of any of Ideality's phantoms. I tell you they do not exist. Life, you will find, is not so simple. If there were a Santa Claus to give people what they want, what would be the difference between being rich and being poor?

EVERYCHILD

Simply

I don't know, Aunty. Is there any difference?

REALITY

With a gesture of impatience

All the difference in the world. The difference between happiness and wretchedness—between having everything and having nothing.

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

My fairy godmother told me that happiness does not consist in having things, but in giving things.

REALITY

That is just like that silly impractical woman. Well, that is just why I brought you here—I want you to see for yourself. Look down this skylight, and you will understand how pleasant it is to have things.

The anthem swells again. Every-child listens.

EVERYCHILD

I can hear somebody singing for joy.

Goes to the skylight and stoops down to look in

These people are not singing, though good-

EVERYCHILD

ness knows they have plenty to sing about. Oh, Aunty, the most gorgeous Christmas tree, and heaps and heaps of presents! Look! Look! A splendid bob, an automobile coaster, a whole soldier's outfit; and oh, did you ever see so many books? All for that little boy in the corner, I suppose. And all those dolls for that one little girl. Santa has certainly been down this chimney.

REALITY

Santa nothing! They gave each other all the gifts you see. The father has made himself rich and his family now have everything they want. Isn't it fine?

EVERYCHILD

I should say so. How do you get rich, Aunty?

EVERYCHILD

REALITY

Gratified

There are many ways, my child, but they all depend on your making yourself smart and shrewd. You must first get an education. I'll show you about that after a bit.

EVERYCHILD

I want to see just how to do it. I want to get rich. What became of that cup of mine? I was going to take it with me—the Wine of Memory—

REALITY

Laughing

Wine of Memory! Whoever heard of the Wine of Memory? There's champagne and claret and sparkling Burgundy—

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

No. Wine of Memory. Don't you remember there was a tall, tall, loving-cup—

He stares off reminiscently, then begins to feel in his pockets.

Why, here are my candy mottoes.

Eats one

VOICE OF IDEALITY

These are the Poor. Look again, Everychild. "People and things are only symbols."

EVERYCHILD

Symbols? What are symbols?

REALITY

Symbols are things that represent something else. Why?

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

Repeats absently

“People and things are only symbols.”

Goes again to the skylight

Why, the mother is scolding that sweet little girl. I wonder what the matter can be. The father and mother seem to be awfully cross, and the children seem very unhappy in spite of all their presents.

REALITY

The children are probably behaving badly and have been getting a scolding.

EVERYCHILD

Well, none of them seems to be having a very good time. I don't want to look at them any longer. Can't we go on?

EVERYCHILD

VOICE OF IDEALITY

Wait, Everychild. You have not seen
what is in the dark corners and the closets.

EVERYCHILD

*Supposing that Reality is speaking,
and not turning to see.*

I would have to have a magic eye.

VOICE OF IDEALITY

No, I will show you.

EVERYCHILD

Turning in surprise to Reality

How can you?

REALITY

How can I what?

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

Show me.

REALITY

Show you what?

EVERYCHILD

You said that you would show me what
was in the corners and closets.

REALITY

I said nothing of the sort.

VOICE OF IDEALITY

Sprats and imps and pixies, hark—
Come quickly from your corners dark!

EVERYCHILD

Don't you hear, Aunty? Why, it's the
voice of my fairy godmother!

EVERYCHILD

REALITY

Nonsense, child. You hear the wind moaning in the chimneys.

During the remainder of this part Reality stands gazing absently over the city, seeing nothing of the stage happenings. Out of the chimney, left, hop Scoldings, Spankings, Neglect, Temper and Naggings. They are ugly little dwarfs with disagreeable faces. They circle about Everychild to his great discomfort, each shaking a threatening forefinger at him and announcing himself—"I am Scoldings," etc.

SCOLDINGS

You naughty boy, what do you mean?
Such manners I have never seen.
Speak when you are spoken to,
Behave as you are told to do.



Archie T. Swan

EVERYCHILD

*Each as he finishes addressing Every-
child shoves him on to the next in
turn*

NAGGINGS

Have some respect for elder folks.
When I say "No," don't tease and coax.
When you come in do shut the door,
And don't track mud in on the floor.

NEGLECT

Amuse yourself while I am out,
Take off that ugly frown and pout.
Go off some place and read a book,
And for Goodness' sake don't tease the cook.

TEMPER

Don't talk back, you little brat—
I simply will not stand for that.

EVERYCHILD

SPANKINGS

I'll give you such a thrashing yet,
You'll not be likely to forget.
There's no use wasting breath on you—
We'll see what elbow grease will do.

*Spankings chases Everychild about
the stage with a paddle. Every-
child takes refuge behind the skirts
of Reality. The dwarfs step for-
ward.*

ALL

We are the foes of happiness.
We watch to see it start,
And then with mean and selfish thoughts
We fill that person's heart.
We make him think of nothing else
But just his own desires,
And soon he quarrels with all about
And happiness retires.

EVERYCHILD

The foes of Everychild are we,
On mischief we are bent,
We do our best to aggravate—
To spoil is our intent.
For Everychild's development
We do not care at all,
We like to rack his little nerves
And keep his body small.

EVERYCHILD

To Reality

Oh, please send them away! I never saw
anything so hideous!

REALITY

Stop talking nonsense, Everychild. Swallow your candy and I can hear you better.

*The imps file down the chimney,
left. Everychild breathes a sigh
of relief. The Christmas anthem
sounds again from below. Every-*

EVERYCHILD

child listens, and following the sound, jumps down on the roof, right, runs to the skylight and looks in.

REALITY

There is nothing to see down there, Everychild. Come, let us be going.

Everychild pays no attention to her, but stands listening intently to a jolly song, "Merry, Merry Christmas!" which comes up from below, sung by many voices.

REALITY

I'll warrant there are no wonderful bobsleds or gorgeous Christmas trees down there.

EVERYCHILD

No, but they seem to be having an awfully good time.

EVERYCHILD

REALITY

Well, I don't see how they can be. The father is poor and they have only the bare necessities of life. Come now, we must be on our way.

*Everychild starts to come away.
Reaches in his pocket, pulls out
the candy mottoes and eats one.*

VOICE OF IDEALITY

These are the Rich. Stay long enough to see what is in their closets.

EVERYCHILD

What did you say, Aunty?

REALITY

Impatiently

Nothing! I say some of the cobwebs of the Castle are still under your cap.

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

It was the voice of my fairy godmother again.

THE VOICE

Happiness and Love have both been here to-night.

EVERYCHILD

I can see the print of little bare feet in the snow.

THE VOICE

Stay and see their helpers.

Saints and cherubs, angels all,
Prithee, listen to my call.

Out from the chimney rise Wholesome Food, Clean Clothes, Fresh Air, Smiles, Happy Hearts, Kind Words and Helping Hands. They resemble Angels in appearance. Each announces himself to Everychild, taking him by the hand affectionately.

EVERYCHILD

WHOLESOME FOOD

With a basket heaped with food

I bring you home-made bread to eat,
And cereals nutritious,
And milk and eggs and vegetables,
And apple-sauce delicious.
Let Everychild be well and strong
And know the joy of living.
With rosy cheeks and sturdy limbs,
Accept my humble giving.

FRESH AIR

*Carrying as insignia a pair of bel-
lows*

I bring ozone for your lungs,
And compounds oxygenic,
Let Everychild grow up a man
By methods hygienic.

EVERYCHILD

CLEANLINESS

Let Everychild be spick and span,
And scrubbed and tubbed each day,
And brushed and combed and neatly clothed
Before he goes to play.

*Helping Hands, Smiles, Kind
Words and Happy Hearts step
forward. They pat and caress
Everychild with exclamations of
"Isn't he a darling?" "The dear
little fellow," etc.*

HELPING HANDS

Examining Everychild's hands

What pretty little hands you have, Every-
child. You must learn to make them useful,
like mine.

SMILES

Presenting a small box



Maria Green

EVERYCHILD

May I present Everychild with a box of dimples?

KIND WORDS

And I have here a memorandum book for his use.

He holds it out open, and Everychild reads over his shoulder aloud.

EVERYCHILD

Reading

"Please," "Thank you," "You're welcome."

KIND WORDS

Turning the page

Here are the "dears" and "darlings." You will find them most winning. And this list is positively fetching—"I am only too glad to," "Delighted, I am sure."

EVERYCHILD

HAPPY HEARTS

Holding up a phial

This phial contains a compound of the quintessence of sunshine with a few drops of digitalis—an excellent prescription for enlarging and developing the heart. A normal heart developed under the proper conditions should be able to hold everybody before one dies.

ALL

We are the Magi, bearing gifts
To Everychild to-day
In memory of the Holy Child
Who in a manger lay.

We would have Everychild grow true,
Grow tall and straight and fair,
A smile forever on his lips,
The sunlight in his hair.

EVERYCHILD

We would have Everychild grow strong
That he may live to see
The day when he will find himself
The man he wished to be.

We are the Magi, bearing gifts
To Everychild to-day,
In memory of the Holy Child,
Who in a manger lay.

They disappear down the chimney

EVERYCHILD

Rapturously

Oh, weren't they lovely!

REALITY

Who?

EVERYCHILD

The Angels.

REALITY

Angels? What perfect nonsense, Everychild. You are making yourself sick on

EVERYCHILD

that candy. That godmother of yours has
no gumption!

*She snatches away the box of mottoes
and tosses it off the roof*

Stop mooning now, and come along.

*The snow falls thicker and thicker.
The Christmas anthem sounds
again. As the curtain falls the
forms of Everychild and Reality
are seen moving mistily off the
stage.*

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE II

THE GARDEN OF GRINDING GROWTH

In the foreground a neat garden with several conventional flower beds. The flowers are of heroic size. To the right is a hotbed. Along the back runs a fence, back of which wild flowers can be seen waving in a field. An arched gate to the left bears the inscription, "Garden of Grinding Growth." There are trees back of the fence, on two of which are nailed signs—"To the Kitchen Garden," and "To the Curriculum Forest." To the extreme right is an entrance to a small garden-house. Everychild appears skipping along back of the fence. Reality follows in a more dignified fashion.

EVERYCHILD

Looking at the wild flowers back of the fence

EVERYCHILD

Oh, Aunty, how lovely these flowers are
—see, there are all kinds!

REALITY

Here we are, at the Garden of Grinding
Growth. Wait till you see the flowers in
here.

*Everychild stands on tiptoe and
peers over the fence into the Gar-
den. Reality turns the handle of
the gate and enters, followed by
Everychild. Everychild balances
himself and walks around the stone
coping that marks off some of the
flower beds.*

REALITY

Come down off there, Everychild, and
behave yourself.

EVERYCHILD

*Running from bed to bed and in-
specting everything with delight*

EVERYCHILD

Gee whillikens, but this is a pretty place! Who lives here? What are we going to do here? How long are we going to stay? *Do* you suppose they will ask us to dinner?

REALITY

Don't ask so many questions, Everychild, and don't expect to stay to dinner every place you go.

*Going over to door of garden-house,
right.*

Prunes, the head gardener lives here. We will see if he is in and get him to show us about.

She knocks vigorously on the door. Prunes, the head gardener, appears. He is an old stoop-shouldered man with a bulging forehead. He wears three pairs of glasses, one on the tip of his nose,

EVERYCHILD

*one over his eyes and one pushed
back on his forehead.*

PRUNES

Well, well, what is it?

EVERYCHILD

Please, mister, what is this place?

REALITY

Sh!

To Everychild sharply

To Prunes with dignity

Could we look through the Garden?

PRUNES

*Thrusting up his chin in order to
look Everychild over through the
spectacles on his nose-tip.*

You are thinking of entering this young
man?

EVERYCHILD

REALITY

Yes, this is Everychild.

Everychild drops a curtsy

I am anxious to have him see around, and after the holidays perhaps you will take him to work here.

EVERYCHILD

Oh, I don't want to work!

PRUNES

Oh, yes. I heard you were coming. I also heard that the young man has never known any discipline. A hard one to manage, I'll warrant!

REALITY

No, oh, no, quite the contrary—

PRUNES

That's it! That's it! You are Every-

EVERYCHILD

child's mother. Of course you think he is perfection.

REALITY

Dear, no! I am his great aunt. I am perfectly aware that he has his faults.

PRUNES

Skeptically

Well, we won't argue about it. Of course, I should like to have Everychild go through the Garden. If you want to look about I'll take you. Excuse me a moment.

He goes into the house

EVERYCHILD

He means that we can go through, doesn't he?

Reality nods

Oh, goody!

EVERYCHILD

REALITY

You must listen attentively to what he has to say. Prunes deserves great credit for getting this Garden in such good order. This was nothing but a wild field when he took hold of it. It is very interesting. Here you will grow smart so that some day you will become a very clever man.

EVERYCHILD

Do you know, I don't like to see the flowers all tucked up in separate beds. They look prettier out there in the fields all mixed together.

REALITY

How absurd, Everychild. They have to be separated and classified, of course. They would never amount to anything if they were not cultivated.

EVERYCHILD

*Prunes returns from the house with
a long blackboard pointer.*

EVERYCHILD

Running to the left bed

What are these dear little things that look like wild flowers? I never knew they had them in gardens.

PRUNES

They *were* wild only a short time ago, but we are taming them. That is our Kindergarten.

Points with his stick. The petals of the flowers open and children's heads appear in the centers. They raise their arms which are covered with green, resembling branches, and wave them as they sing.

FLOWER-CHILDREN

Singing to the familiar Kindergar-



EVERYCHILD

ten air, "This is mother, kind and tender."

We are children of the Garden,
Learning things for future years.
Learning how to use our fingers,
How to use our eyes and ears.
Graces sweet and manners pleasant,
Gentle ways and voices low.
That's how children of the Garden
Nowadays are taught to grow.

EVERYCHILD

And what are these with such very large
heads? Chrysanthemums?

PRUNES

*Pointing at them with his stick,
whereupon they open, showing
faces of children.*

Those are the Madame Montessori—a

EVERYCHILD

new variety. They took the first prize at the flower show.

EVERYCHILD

Going over to the hotbed

What are these little ones with the drooping heads?

PRUNES

Those are our primary sprouts.

Addressing Reality

You have probably heard we have been entirely remodeling this end of the Garden. We are segregating the sickly sprouts in open-air beds. You see we keep them well covered, but they breathe plenty of fresh air. Most of them have been kept under cover too long. Until recently very little attention has been paid to this end of the

EVERYCHILD

Garden. It has been badly ventilated and has been too crowded.

Impressively

We have had only three hundred and twenty-seven kilometers of air per centipede! Think of it! Outrageous, I call it!

REALITY

Shaking her head

Tut! Tut!

PRUNES

Addressing Everychild

There is plenty of spading to be done around this English Ivy. These Flags have to be watered every day with patriotic H 2 O. This little plant called "Thrift" was not regarded from a scientific standpoint in your mother's day. In consequence we have established the "Kitchen Garden" on strictly scientific lines.

EVERYCHILD

*A young girl, dressed as a cook,
comes out of the Kitchen Garden
singing.*

GIRL

My mother took a high degree
In some great University.
She likewise won a Kappa key—
All honors you'll agree.
She could not cook an apple pie;
To make a bed she would not try;
For keeping house she had no eye—
'Twas awfully hard on father.

CHORUS

College girls, college girls,
You see them every day.
They love their books, they are not cooks,
From cares they flee away.
Father says with an awful sigh,
Spoken
“Is this pudding or is it pie?”

EVERYCHILD

College girls, college girls,
My mother's a college girl.

Domestic science I elect,
Utensils suitable collect,
Ingredients with care select
And measurements correct.
I make a scientific cake,
A perfect loaf of bread I bake,
A savory roast of meat I make,
So I keep house for father.

CHORUS

College girls, college girls,
You see them every day.
They are not cooks. They love their books.
From cares they flee away.
And now you hear my father cry:
"My dear, a most delightful pie!" *Spoken*
College girls! College girls!
I'm not a college girl.

EVERYCHILD

PRUNES

The domestic science teacher is demonstrating how to beat an eggplant and how to open an oyster-plant. Would you care to see that?

REALITY

Thank you, no. Not to-day.

PRUNES

That department, of course, is not for Everychild.

REALITY

We have all the Useless Arts to inspect yet.

PRUNES

Oh, then you are going through the Curriculum Forest?

REALITY

Well, I don't think I shall send Every-

EVERYCHILD

child through the regular course for a degree. I think most of what they teach in colleges is rubbish. But some of the work is very good, I'm told. I want the child to have every advantage. Anyhow, while we're here I thought we would look through.

PRUNES

Prisms is the head gardener of the Forest. He and I have always been closely associated.

EVERYCHILD

Oh, yes, I have often heard of Prunes and Prisms.

PRUNES

When you get there just tell him that I sent you. He will be glad to show you about. But before you leave here I want you to meet our body-gardener. She is also the game-keeper.

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

Running to the fence

Game? Have you game in here?

PRUNES

Yes, indeed. Just the kind you like.

EVERYCHILD

What kind of game?

PRUNES

Hare - and - hounds, Puss-in-the-corner,
Run-sheep-run, and lots of others.

EVERYCHILD

Clapping his hands

I love them all. I am surely coming back
here.



EVERYCHILD

PRUNES

Calling

Belle! Oh, Belle!

*A robust wholesome-looking young
woman in a sunbonnet appears*

This is Belle, the body-gardener. She understands perfectly, but she doesn't talk. She was born dumb. Belle, where are those new assistants of yours? Do you think you could find them and bring them in to meet Everychild?

*Belle nods her head with a smile and
goes out.*

PRUNES

Addressing Reality

You can probably recall the days when Dumb-Belle's activities were confined to a dusty indoor gymnasium. That's all changed. The growth of the open-air-de-

EVERYCHILD

velopment idea has made Belle's department almost as important as my own. In fact, of late they have been ranking us the same—head-gardener and body-gardener. I don't mind. I get better results than I used to in the old days and Belle and I get along first rate. It might be different if she could talk. She is really terribly ignorant, and she puts on the most ridiculous airs. Calls her assistants the "Body-guard" and drills them like an army. Here they come now.

Belle returns followed by her assistants—a medical inspector in frock coat and wearing glasses, a visiting nurse in appropriate costume, a "Boy-scout" and a "Girl-guide," each dressed in khaki, and a boy dressed in gymnasium suit and sweater and carrying a baseball bat. Belle marches them proudly across the stage. They line up, and then each steps forward.

EVERYCHILD

MEDICAL INSPECTOR

Put out your tongue, child.

Everychild obeys

Um hum. Adenoids. They'll have to be attended to.

NURSE

Looking him over

Warm clothing and good food. That's what he needs.

BOY-SCOUT AND GIRL-GUIDE

*Taking Everychild between them
and circling about*

And lots of pleasant recreation in the woods with us. How would you like to go camping?

EVERYCHILD

With delight

That would be jolly.

EVERYCHILD

PLAYGROUND FRIEND

Even in town you can have a good time
with me in the city parks.

ALL

To protect the health of children,
We are working with a vim.
We love to see them strong and sound
In body and in limb.
Everychild, awake or sleeping,
Is a jewel in our keeping.
There'll be no cause for weeping
When we've done our work for him.

Exeunt

EVERYCHILD

I want to be a boy-scout! Won't you get
me one of those suits, Auntie?

REALITY

Possibly, if you behave yourself. Come,
we must be off for the Curriculum Forest.

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

Looking off to the right

I don't believe I want to go. It looks too dark and tangled.

Eats a candy motto

REALITY

Well, I'm a little dubious about it as a preparation for the House of Life.

VOICE OF IDEALITY

The forest is with beauties rife,
It helps you through the House of Life.

EVERYCHILD

Why, Aunty, how you contradict yourself!

REALITY

Mr. Impudence! Why do you have to be munching something all the time? Are

EVERYCHILD

you still sucking that candy? It makes you silly. I thought I threw it all away.

EVERYCHILD

Now, I do want to go through the Forest.

A roaring noise is heard

Oh, what is that?

PRUNES

Laughing

That's only the Flunk Dragon. Don't let him frighten you. He is pretty much of a scare-head, that fellow.

EVERYCHILD

I never saw a real live Dragon. Come on, Aunty. Let's hurry. Good-by, Mr. Prunes.

PRUNES

Good-by. I shall look for the young man

EVERYCHILD

after the holidays. See that he comes prepared to settle down to business. No nonsense here, you know.

Everychild and Reality pass out to right. Prunes looks after them a moment and goes grumbling into the house.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE III—THE CURRICULUM FOREST

The curtain rises on a college campus. In the background are a number of college buildings of Gothic architecture. In the left foreground is a stretch of greensward, shaded by stately elms. Paths wind in and out from buildings to foreground. To the right are a number of evergreens symmetrically clipped and trimmed with various signs and symbols. The Geometree is covered with geometrical figures; the Chemistree with retorts, test tubes, Bunsen burners, bottles filled with colored liquids and other chemical paraphernalia; the Trigonometree, a very tall tree, with numbers and logarithms. On bushes beneath the tree grow leaves of books.

Prisms, a gaunt professor in cap and gown, emerges from one of the paths followed by Reality and Everychild. Everychild is all ears and eyes for new sights and sensations.

EVERYCHILD

PRISMS

In a precise manner

From this position we shall now be able to survey the entire Curriculum.

EVERYCHILD

Dear me! What a strange place!

PRISMS

Impressively

It is perhaps the most beautifully logical growth that the world has yet seen.

To Reality

Madam, in a few moments, when the gong sounds, I shall be able to show you how the branches

*Pointing to the trees—geometrees,
trigonometrees, etc.*

EVERYCHILD

are applied to the student body.

EVERYCHILD

Eagerly

Oh! Is somebody going to get spanked?

REALITY

Indignantly

Of course not. Everychild, do be quiet.

EVERYCHILD

*Running to the bushes from which a
cry is heard*

But, Auntie! There's a poor boy here
caught in the thorns.

PRISMS

*Going over and extricating a youth
who gratefully retires*

That boy is continually getting tangled

EVERYCHILD

up in the Greek roots. That's because he entered special instead of coming up through the Garden of Grinding Growth. If it isn't the Greek roots, it's one of the current patches.

REALITY

Current patches?

PRISMS

Yes.

*Pointing in the direction of the
bushes*

Current Topics, Current Literature, Current History—the fruits of knowledge.

*A gong sounds, and directly many
students in cap and gown come fil-
ing out of the buildings, winding
about on the paths among the trees
and bushes.*

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

Who are they, and what are they doing?

PRISMS

They are the college students seeking their way through the Curriculum Forest.

EVERYCHILD

Is it very hard to get through?

PRISMS

There is no difficulty if you follow the main road and pay strict attention. The ones who have trouble are those who wander off in some of the by-paths and get lost. Sooner or later the Flunk Dragon gets them.

EVERYCHILD

Mr. Prunes told me not to be afraid of

EVERYCHILD

the Flunk Dragon. He said he was a scare-head.

PRISMS

Quite true. There is no reason to be afraid of him after you learn to climb the trees.

EVERYCHILD

Do you have to climb those trees?

PRISMS

Yes, indeed. But that's not hard. You'd soon learn. Each tree has several branches, you see. After you get up a certain distance you take a firm grip on a branch and pull yourself up higher.

EVERYCHILD

Do you have to climb them all? I should be afraid the Dragon would catch me while I was going from one tree to another.

EVERYCHILD

PRISMS

Oh, no! The Flunk Dragon is turned loose only two or three times a year. You need have no fear providing you know your Greek and Latin and all the other things you have been taught. All you have to do is to recite them to him and he will become as tame as a puppy.

To Reality with pride

Yes, this is our Geometree; behold its remarkable formations.

*Pointing to triangles, trapezoids,
parallelograms, etc.*

This is the Chemistree, and yonder is the Trigonometree, with its higher branches ascending into Calculus. Up in the top branches the A. B. Owl has its nest.

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

What is the A. B. Owl?

PRISMS

It's an abominable brown owl. The students call it A. B. for short. Every student aims to catch it at the end of his fourth year.

REALITY

Well, to my mind, the whole rigmarole is folderol. A fine preparation for the House of Life—shinning up slippery trees after an owl. Just what, will you inform me, will it do for a child?

PRISMS

*Putting on his spectacles and looking
at her askance*

My dear Madam, I am dumfounded to

EVERYCHILD

be asked such a question. Wisdom! Why, those trees contain all the wisdom of the ages. We are constantly grafting on new sprouts—especially on the higher branches.

REALITY

Pooh! What good is the wisdom of the ages to anybody? They never remember the stuff. What you need here is some practical training.

PRISMS

Madam, when a student passes out of the Forest he has a permanent decoration that all the world respects.

REALITY

I know people in the House of Life who would not employ your graduates. By the way, wasn't there some talk a while ago of a Crane flying over the Forest and criticizing all he saw?

EVERYCHILD

PRISMS

Indignantly

A great coarse bird with no respect for learning or the fine things of life. He nearly frightened the owl to death.

EVERYCHILD

*Pointing in the direction of the
greensward where a number of
students are lounging beneath the
trees*

What is that over there?

PRISMS

A part of the campus.

EVERYCHILD

I know what I should like. I should like to sit under that tree and read a book.

EVERYCHILD

REALITY

Of course you would, Mr. Lazybones.
This would be a good place for you. You
wouldn't have much time for loafing.

*Everychild eats a motto and looks
toward the trees*

VOICE OF IDEALITY

Beneath the elm and poplar trees,
You'll learn the things which no one sees.
Here will be long idyllic days,
Unspoiled by worldly sordid ways.
With kindly thoughts and books and friends
And peace, which only Nature sends.

A roaring noise is heard

EVERYCHILD

Starting as if from a reverie

Is that the Flunk Dragon?

EVERYCHILD

PRISMS

Yes, he is on his rampage. Watch now,
young man, and you will see what happens
to the idlers.

*A number of students, who have
hitherto been sitting about under
the elm trees, left, rise and saunter
leisurely over to right. As they
pass different trees Imps jump out
at them.*

FIRST IMP

In sepulchral tones

Beware of the Past. Beware of the Present.
Beware of the Future.
And all therein contained! Boo!

EVERYCHILD

In a fearful whisper

Oh, what is that?

EVERYCHILD

PRISMS

*Viewing the scene with solemnity
and satisfaction*

That is the History Imp scaring that
young ne'er-do-well.

SECOND IMP

Beware of the moon and stars,
Beware of light and darkness,
Beware of the depths of the earth! Boo!

EVERYCHILD

Oh, who is that?

PRISMS

The Science Imp.

THIRD IMP

Beware of the tongues of men! Boo!

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

Oh! Oh!

PRISMS

The Language Imp.

FOURTH IMP

Beware of straight lines,
Beware of curved ones,
Beware of circles and squares,
Beware of trapezoids and trapeziums. Boo!

PRISMS

That's the Mathematics Imp.

A tremendous Dragon rears up from the grass at the foot of the Trigonometree, and starts after the students. They try to climb the trees. Several fall back and are caught by the Dragon, who rears and belches forth an avalanche of

EVERYCHILD

white papers, which completely covers the students.

EVERYCHILD

Excitedly

What is it? What is happening?

PRISMS

With a satisfied sigh

Um, hum! They are flunked.

The students emerge directly, looking ashamed and abashed, and running off to left, to a high board fence, climb and disappear. A sound of rollicking follows, students emerge from the building, giving a college yell.

PRISMS

The Senior Class.

EVERYCHILD

SONG OF THE STUDENTS

There's an A. B. Owl in the Trigonometree,
A very wise bird you will say,
And his big round eyes stare at you and me
In a fascinating way.

But down at the foot of that awful tree
Is a Dragon named Flunk that's a sight to
see.

He roars so loud that he frightens me,
But I'll catch that owl in the tree.

Another group of students make a successful onslaught, shouting, "Sic semper Tyrannus! We bid you vanish in the name of Enlightenment." The Dragon rears up and falls dead with a horrible death rattle. There is a fluttering in the branches of the Trigonometree. One of the students catches the owl. He brings it forward and other students group themselves about him singing.

EVERYCHILD

SONG OF THE STUDENTS

Look! Look! We have captured the A. B.
Owl.

See! See! We are enraptured with wis-
dom's fowl.

Why? Why? Why did we get it?
Now that we have it, do we regret it?
O bird we praise!

Hail! Hail! Hail to the symbol of grand
old college days!

TABLEAU

*A little Cupid is seen running
through the Forest, and up a path
that seems to disappear in the dis-
tance.*

EVERYCHILD

Excitedly

Oh, who was that?

EVERYCHILD

REALITY

Why, that was Love. • What is he doing here? I didn't know he ever came through here.

PRISMS

Oh, yes, he does once in a while. We don't encourage him though, for he is an awful nuisance. He has got lost several times in the Forest.

EVERYCHILD

Let us hurry. I want to see him. Where does that path he is on lead to?

REALITY

It leads to the House of Life.

EVERYCHILD

He looks more like the Castle people than any one I have seen.

EVERYCHILD

A VOICE

Follow Love, follow Love, it's the only
way—

EVERYCHILD

Fairy Godmother, I am coming.

*Everychild runs like a deer; Reality,
bidding Prisms a hasty adieu, fol-
lows.*

CURTAIN

ACT III

A broad road in front of the Castle of Imagination. To the right front is a large stone house with ample steps leading up to it. The Castle is at the left back. It is gay with flags floating from its many turrets. The windows and balconies are filled with Castle folk. Down below are many characters, lined up at the curb, elbowing one another as children do who await a circus parade. A policeman comes up the street and pushes the crowd back.

POLICEMAN

Everybody back.

Ideality stands alone on a prominent balcony just above the entrance to the Castle, looking anxiously up the street.

IDEALITY

Oh, dear! Will he never come?

A nurse comes out on to the balcony.

EVERYCHILD

IDEALITY

Anxiously

How does he seem?

NURSE

He is very weak. He has had another sinking spell.

IDEALITY

Distressed

This suspense is awful.

*She turns and goes in, reappearing
from time to time to peer up the
street.*

DWARF

*To the Goblin, who is standing be-
low.*

Do tell me what's up.

GOBLIN

Don't you know?

EVERYCHILD

DWARF

No. What is it?

GOBLIN

The Procession of Life! It's going by presently.

DWARF

The Procession of Life?

GOBLIN

Yes, haven't you ever seen it?

DWARF

No, never.

GOBLIN

Well, you have a treat in store for you.
It's rich.

DWARF

What is it, anyway?

EVERYCHILD

GOBLIN

They tell me it gives one an idea of the goings on in the House of Life—and I must say, if that is a sample I prefer the Castle of Imagination.

DWARF

Is that why the flags are flying on the Castle?

GOBLIN

The flags are for Everychild. He is expected back to-day. You remember Reality said he would pass this way again in a fortnight.

DWARF

So she did. Well, well, I shall be glad enough to see him, bless his curls!

GOBLIN

Yes. It hasn't been the same place since

EVERYCHILD

he left. We have no enthusiasm for anything. He was the life of the Castle.

ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND

*To Peter Pan who has been standing
near listening*

I can hardly wait to see him. I love him so dearly.

PETER

You have lived in the Castle much longer than I, but I am just as much attached to him as the rest of you.

WIZARD OF OZ

Ever since he met me he has been crazy about me, and I will say, the child is very easy to entertain.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE

How very patronizing some of these up-

EVERYCHILD

starts are! Just because Everychild laughed at him for a few hours a year or two ago, his head is completely turned. If he knew how Everychild has laughed at me since the beginning of time he would be purple with jealousy.

*Dwarf observes Ideality on balcony,
looking concernedly up the street.*

DWARF

What's the matter with our Fairy God-mother?

GOBLIN

Don't you know?

DWARF

No.

GOBLIN

She is anxious for Everychild's return on account of Santa Claus.

EVERYCHILD

DWARF

Why is that?

GOBLIN

Of course you know about Santa?

DWARF

No.

GOBLIN

Why, he has had a turn for the worse.

DWARF

You don't say!

GOBLIN

Yes, he is becoming more transparent every minute. The only hope for him is in the return of Everychild. If the boy would come back here and stay, I am sure it would put new life into him. Otherwise, I am afraid his end is near.

March music is heard

EVERYCHILD

DWARF

Whist! I hear the procession. Come, let's get up in front.

They elbow the crowd. Music. Procession appears. Those in the procession pay no attention whatever to the Castle characters. If they look at them at all it is apparently with unseeing eyes. The procession is a tremendous pageant of all sorts and conditions of men. The procession is headed by Wealth—a pompous fellow—who resembles a drum-major carrying a stick with a gold dollar-sign on the end of it, and tossing money right and left from his pockets. Behind him follow over-dressed dowagers, anemic magnates, dandies, beautifully-gowned young women, who scramble about in a most undignified fashion for the money, which rolls about in every direction.



A pompous drum-major

EVERYCHILD

GOBLIN

*To Dwarf, holding his hand to his
mouth to repress his laughter.*

Now, what do you make of that! That's one of the ways they amuse themselves in the House of Life! Examine his features,

Pointing to Wealth

and you will see he looks for all the world like a pig.

DWARF

Now, I do declare he does.

GOBLIN

Believe me, we are well rid of that stuff in here.

Pointing to the money

They say it causes no end of trouble.

EVERYCHILD

HANSEL

To Gretel

If Father had had some of that he would never have left us in the woods to die.

At the end of Wealth's retinue are a number of the Poor, who make vain futile efforts to procure some of the gold.

ONE MAN

To another

If we could get plenty of this we should be happier than kings.

GOBLIN

To Dwarf, snorting.

As if kings were happy.

The other Castle characters reflect the opinions of the Goblin and Dwarf, laughing and holding

EVERYCHILD

*their hands before their mouths.
Wealth and his following pass into
the stone house.*

GOBLIN

To Dwarf

Here comes Fame, a silly fellow.

Fame bears a banner on which is inscribed—"I am the most important person in the world!" The crowd following try to wrest it from him with shouts of "I want it. Give it to me! It's mine—" etc.

DWARF

It's a mystery to me what they see in him.
He looks like a conceited coxcomb.

GOBLIN

He's perfectly absurd!

*They, too, pass into the stone house.
Power, a military figure, wielding*

EVERYCHILD

a cudgel, comes next, and after him his admirers—kings, queens and other potentates of the earth.

DWARF

Who is the policeman?

GOBLIN

Power. He looks like a bulldog, doesn't he?

DWARF

For all the world!

After the appearance of each group of the procession, there is great merriment among the Castle folk.

IDEALITY

Appearing in the castle doorway and looking pityingly at the procession.

EVERYCHILD

Poor blind things! They know not what they do! Oh, Everychild! Are you never coming!

Power and his followers also pass into the stone house. Love, a cupid with bow and quiver and silver wings, toddles to the front. Following him are a poet, a musician, a few women and dogs. They are the first to recognize the Castle folk. As they nod genially, the Castle folk respond with "Come in," "Stop a moment." Love shakes his head sadly and goes up the steps of the House of Life.

DWARF

Why, he looks as if he belonged in here!

GOBLIN

So he does!

IDEALITY.

Alas! He does!

EVERYCHILD

POET

Nodding genially to all about, pencil poised in air.

My little god! There's a song of joy in my heart I wish to dedicate to you. It begins:

“Love, love, that word of rapture,
Love, love, oh, could I capture”—
Now, what could I capture? I can't think of anything to capture— And there's not another rhyme for rapture in the whole rhyming dictionary.

MUSICIAN

Taking poet's arm

Come, we must follow our little god wherever he goes.

They, too, enter the house. Everychild with a dreamy look in his

EVERYCHILD

eyes runs on the stage. He is dressed as before except that his hair is cut short and he wears long sailor trousers.

EVERYCHILD

Love, Love; I have seen Love. Where is he?

CASTLE CHARACTERS

Everychild!

Murmurs of enthusiasm

GOBLIN

Hey, lad!

DWARF

Old scout, come in.

IDEALITY

Starting across the drawbridge but arrested by the look on his face

Bless his heart—

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

I say, did a tiny person pass this way? A pretty little fellow with wings?

IDEALITY

Yes, but Everychild, don't you see where you are?

EVERYCHILD

To be sure. It's the Castle of Imagination.

IDEALITY

With a look of fear on her face

But aren't you coming in?

EVERYCHILD

Oh, I can't stop! I must hasten after Love. He is the most beautiful creature. No one in the whole world is like him. Which way did he pass?

EVERYCHILD

IDEALITY

But don't you remember, Everychild, you wanted to come back to us? Santa Claus is pining away. He has been living in the hope of seeing you. You must come in.

EVERYCHILD

Santa Claus, you say? Tell him I am sorry, but I really must not stop. You see, I might not find Love.

IDEALITY

But you must come in if only for a second. It will do him so much good.

EVERYCHILD

Well, just for a minute.

*He crosses the bridge and goes into
the Castle with Ideality*

EVERYCHILD

DWARF

Dejectedly

And this is what we have been looking forward to!

GOBLIN

He never even spoke to me. Did you notice the difference?

Points to head and trousers leg

DWARF

Yes, he's nothing like so cunning as he was.

GOBLIN

Probably he has been in the Garden and the Forest. That always changes them.

DWARF

If he had only taken the Wine of Memory!

EVERYCHILD

GOBLIN

That's so. Why, the cup is still in the Castle. It's not too late—

*They both disappear into the Castle
as Everychild and Ideality come
out*

EVERYCHILD

Lightly

Dear Santa! Well, I hope he will get better. He looks so different to me. Do you know I never noticed before that his beard is false and he wears a wig!

IDEALITY

You'll think of me sometimes, won't you, dear?

EVERYCHILD

Without concern

Oh, yes! Often!

*The Dwarf and Goblin reappear,
dragging the loving-cup.*

EVERYCHILD

BOTH

Here is the cup, Everychild. You forgot to take it, you know.

EVERYCHILD

Did I? It's very pretty.

DWARF

Solicitously

Won't you take a sip? It's very refreshing.

They all watch Everychild breathlessly while he approaches the cup.

EVERYCHILD

Looking in

Why, there's nothing there!

All running to see

ALL

The Wine of Memory has all evaporated!

EVERYCHILD

*The gaiety of the crowd has all gone,
disappointment and dejection are
pictured on every face. Ideality
turns away as if she could not bear
the sight.*

EVERYCHILD

I must be going.

To Ideality

You know, I am going to live in the House of Life. They say you can see the Castle from the up-stairs window. Can't you come with me, Fairy Godmother? It's just across the way.

IDEALITY

No, my child, not now. Some day that great stone house will be razed to the ground and trees will rise in its place. Laughing brooks will flow and Nature's gardens will flourish. They will all see,

EVERYCHILD

those blind folk in there, that the world is beautiful as God made it. Then we will play together, you and I and the others, under the trees in the glad sunshine as little children. For the Kingdom of Heaven will be on Earth.

EVERYCHILD

Please come, Fairy Godmother.

IDEALITY

Shakes her head sadly

No, child. But I have a friend in the Castle. Her name is Hope. She will meet you at the door and be at your side always. Often she will remind you of me. Sometimes she will take you to one of the upper windows where you will be able to see the light in my tower. I shall keep it burning for you.

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

Then I shall look out very often.

IDEALITY

Patting his head and looking wistfully at him

Ah, my dear, not so often as I should like.

*Reality comes bustling up the street,
looking to right and left.*

REALITY

Not seeing Everychild at once

Everychild, oh, Everychild!

EVERYCHILD

Oh, there is Aunt Reality! Good-by.

Kisses Ideality

REALITY

Addressing Dwarf

EVERYCHILD

Has Everychild been up the street?

Dwarf looks contemptuously at Reality without answering and turns away. Everychild runs up to her.

Oh! there you are, dear. I was afraid I had lost you.

EVERYCHILD

Oh, Love is the cunningest little fellow with beautiful silver wings!

REALITY

Yes. He lives in the House of Life.

Reality looks contemptuously toward the Castle and takes Everychild triumphantly by the hand, leading him up to the steps of the stone house.

And here we are.

EVERYCHILD

EVERYCHILD

Eagerly

Is this the House of Life? Did you say
it has ten thousand rooms?

REALITY

More than that.

EVERYCHILD

Oh, how wonderful and how joyful!

IDEALITY

*Who has been standing in the door-
way looking wistfully after Every-
child, to Goblin and Dwarf.*

I would give more than my evening star
diadem if this had not happened. It will
be a death-blow to Santa.

DWARF AND GOBLIN

You don't say. What happened?

EVERYCHILD

IDEALITY

Everychild was so heartless. Poor Santa is pitifully transparent, of course, but Everychild told him he could see right through him. It broke him all up.

Ideality wipes her eyes

Oh, he is so changed!

Reality leads Everychild up the steps of the stone house. She passes in but Everychild pauses a moment.

EVERYCHILD

Gee whillikens! I am hungry again and this is my last motto.

“People and Things are only symbols.

Look well with your mind’s eye.”

There is certainly something about this candy that makes one see more plainly.

EVERYCHILD

Everychild turns to look back at the Castle. Suddenly it becomes a blaze of light. Faces appear at every window. Some one helps Santa Claus out on to a balcony and he is seen feebly waving his hand. Everychild holds out his arms in a long gesture of yearning. Voices of the Castle are heard singing.

VOICES

Farewell, farewell to Everychild,
Farewell to bubbling laughter,
Farewell to joy without alloy.
No pleasant pranks hereafter.

Fare forth, fare forth, O Everychild.
You know not what you do.
The world is cold as you grow old,
And dreams do not come true.

Misty curtains fall and the Castle fades away all but the doorway in which Ideality stands. This re-

EVERYCHILD

mains a blaze of light for a long time. Ideality holds her arms outstretched toward Everychild. Gradually her vision, too, fades and Everychild enters the House of Life with slow steps.

CURTAIN







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